WINNSBORO, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1885.

Bide a Wee, and Dinna Fret.

Is the road very dreary?
Patience yet!
Rest will be sweeter if thou art aweary.
And after night cometh the morning cheery,
Then bide a wee and dinna fret.

The clouds have silver Hning,
Don't forget:
And though he's hidden, still the sun is shining: Courage! instead of tears and vain repining, Just bide a wee, and dinna fret.

With toil and cares unending
Art beset?
Betbink thee how the storms from heaven doscending.

Snap the stiff oak, but spare the willow bending.

And bide a wee, and dinna fret. Grief sharper sting doth borrow From regret:
But yesteresy is gone, and shall its sorrow
Unfit us for the present and the morrow?
Nay: bide a wee, and dinna fret.

An over-anxious brooding

Doth beget

A host of fears and fantasies deluding;

Then, brother, lest these torments be intrud-

Just bide a wee and dinna fret. -Every Other Saturday.

ON A GATE POST.

CHAPTER I. Ambrose Nettleson has what he thinks is a valuable manuscript. He thinks so. doubtles s, because it records a part of his life. One night recently, while I was at his house, he brought out the manuscript and read it to me. Although I did not ask permission, yet I do not feel that I violate his confidence by giving as nearly as I can remember,

the contents of the paper which he tree and with such affection: The prospect was not cheerful. I was riding a horse across a country whose loneliness was as deep as a sigh which bespeaks the long absence of some one. Night was coming on and a storm was gathering its forces. A frightened owl flitted past me, screaming in my face. The time of year was when nature hesitates whether to continue winter or begin spring. My horse almost shook me off when he stopped and shivered. The owl screamed in my face again. Dead leaves, for a momert would whirl before me, and then fall, scattered and torn as though they had, by an angry hand, been swept from their long, damp rest, only to be mocked. "What a dreary, dreary place it is!" I mused. "I feel as though something terrible is going to happen. The air, just before the great agitation which must come. seems quivering in its desire to bear the sound of murder, murder! As I live, yonder is light. It is possible

that I shall receive shelter?" Urging my horse forward, I soon reached a small house, near the summit of a desolate peak, overlooking the Arkansaw river. I dismounted near the door-there was no fence around the house. My horse looked appealmission from any one within, I led the animal to a stable close at hand and took of saddle and bridle. As I was returning, the storm burst upon the river. When I approached the door, I heard a wail. I knocked and I heard the wail coming slowly toward me. The door was opened by a girl scarcely more than twelve years old. Her face was the picture of despair. She said nothing, but pointed to a bed, upon which lay an old man, gasping for breath. Approaching him, I saw that he had but a few minutes to live. The girl knelt beside the old man. He tried to put his hand upon her head. Failing, he looked at me and I assisted him. He tried to speak, but could not. The girl sobbed frantically. The rain poured down and the storm shook

"He will never get well!" she cried. "My grandpa will die." Yes, her grandpa would die. His life had already passed away. The hand lying on her head was growing cold.

She looked at him and shrieked. What a night we spent in that house. The storm howled and the rain fell until nearly daylight. The girl, who I saw was intelligent, with an impressive face, said that her name was Munette Loggemon, and that since her earliest recollection she had lived with the old man who had spent the most of his time, since she bad begun to talk, in

teaching her. "I have no relatives," she said in answer to a question.

"Any friends?" "No friends."

"You have neighbors?" "None. The nearest house is nearly eight miles away."
I knew not what to do. Surely the

situation was serious. Early at morning, we buried the old man in the yard. As best I could, I made a coffin of a trough which I found in the stable. After the burial, I went out and found enough corn for my horse. I left Munette at the grave, on which she had,

her on the grave. "How can I go anywhere?" she

asked. "I have no friends, I told "You cannot remain here. "I cannot go away."

"I will not leave you here. You must go with me. My mother has no little girl. She will receive you." Still lying on the grave, and without

looking up, she replied:
"I will go and work for my board." "You will not have to work. When I tell my mother of the circumstances under which I found you, she will take you in her arms. Come, get your clothes. It is time we were leaving

here. See, the sun is shining beautifully. It is a new day for you. Without replying, she arose and turned toward me. Her face, even aside from her grief, was so sad, and her eyes wore a look of such tender appeal that even though she had relatives I would have thought it my duty to

take her home with me. She went into the house and soon returned with a small bundle. "I haven't much to take," she said.

"Grandpa and I were very poor, and you see, having inherited his poverty, am poorer than ever." I was not surprised to hear her make such a remark, for I had discovered

that she never associated with children and was consequently wise of her

age. "You shall have some nice dresses after a while," I replied.

"Pretty red ones?" The child was asserting itself. "Yes, and blue ones."

she said nothing, but when we had descended into the thick woods, she

"I won't cry any more, if I can help

"Your grandfather must have been good to you?" "Yes, but he made me read many books that were very dull—great law looks. I don't like them. His eyes r many years have been so bad that I

had to do all his reading for him. He wrote a book full of curious things and murders, but one day when he found me reading it, he took it away from me and burned it up. It must have been had and he must have been sorry that he wrote it. What is your name?' I told her, and expressed my surprise

"It was your place to tell me without my asking," she said. "When I told you my name, you should have told me ours. Don't you see?" I acknowledged the justice of her re-

that she had not sooner asked me.

The day passed rather pleasantly, with the exception of the influence of the night before, which naturally enough she could not dispel and which could not keep from arising occasionally. We sat on a log and ate dinner. and Munette's remarks gave me ad-ditional insight into her close habit of observation. When evening came, we topped at a farm house, where the sad tory of the little girl awoke such sym-

begged me to allow the child to remain with her. "It is, a question that she must decide," I rejoined. "What do you say,

pathy that the kind-hearted house-wife

Munette? "I am surprised that you should ask me such a question," she replied, approaching the chair where I sat and taking my hand. "Would it not be ungrateful in me to desert you so soon, or to ever desert you?"

"She's got more sense than an old woman right now," said the host, addressing his wife. "Our twenty-eight year old daughter that married last month ain't a patchin' to this girl."
"W'y, Jesperson," said his wife, in mild censure, "Margaret ain't twentyeight years old."

"She's mighty nigh it."
"An' besides that," continued the voman, "she n ver had a chance." "Didn't go to school three months outen nearly every year, eh? What show does a gal want, I'd like to know?

This little creetur, I warrant you never has been to school.' "Oh, yes, sir: My whole life has been school. The old house where I used them. I shall never go after them. could never read them again."

"Well, blast my buttons if I don't mosy up that way. I ain't much of a scholar, but I recken I can worry through with a lot of them."

My mother welcomed Munotte, and when I related the sad story of how I found her, the sympathetic woman took the child-in her arms and kissed her. A few days afterwards, when I returned home after a short absence, it possible for her to become. My mother was delighted to see her innocent pranks, and I, for the first time,

"You have kissed me at last," she said. "Is it because I look better in this dress?" "It is because you look more like a

child. Before, you reminded me so much of a woman.' "Do not women like to be kissed?" I laughed and my mother, shaking her head-I can see her grav hairs now

-said: "Ah, Ambrose, our young girl has a very old head." We sent Munette to school. The teacher, a man who had the reputation of being profound, met me one day and

"Look here, Munette is the most remarkable child I ever saw. She has. read so many books and makes me such wise observations that I am constantly surprised. To tell you the truth, cannot advance her. Not that I am much learning has on youth. I know how narrowly I escaped."

When I spoke to Munette, she said, "That school is a very dull place. It is like to cipher, as the children call it. Fractions make my head ache and miscellaneous examples make me sick. Let me study at home.'

I took her from school. She was a devoted student, but was never so absorbed that she was oblivious to the little attentions which a woman of my mother's age prizes so highly. Munette grew rapidly and I was pleased to see that she was daily becoming more graceful.

CHAPTER III. The war came on. How natural it is, in writing a story, to say "The war came on;" but this is not a story, and nothing can be more natural than truth-although it is said to be stranger sobbing bitterly, thrown herself.

"Where are you going, little girl?" than fiction. Therefore, when I say that the war came on, I intend that the land that the war came on, I intend that the land t declaration should have its full meaning. I left home full of pride. I was a saptain. My mother prayed; but Munette did not seem to be affected. "Good bye," she said. "War is one of the incidents of civilization, as well as s feature of barbarity. I know that you will do your duty, and that you will not forget the little girl whom you once saw sobbing under the hand of a dying man. When you return, I shall

be old enough to kiss you."
I looked at her in astonishment. Merriment sparkled in her eyes. "You don't like to kiss children, it seems." "Munette, you are strange. I once said that I did not kiss you because you

looked like a woman.' "Oh, yes, that is true. I thought that you did not want to kiss me be-cause I was so smail. There now, captain, don't swell up like a toad." I turned away. She called me, when I was about a hundred yards away and said: "When you pass the big gate,

look on the right hand post." I did so and found the words, "I love Under this I wrote, "And I love I did not receive but one letter from

Munette, and that might just as well have been written by a professor of geology, for its four pages were devoted to a description of a lot of peboles she had found in a cave. I returned home ragged and ill. Mu-

nette was delighted to see me. She was so peculiar, though that I could not tell whether or not she still loved me. It seemed that she did not, for whenever I attempted to remind her of it, she changed the subject. Like all true lovers, I felt that without her my life would be a blank. I spoke to my tion? mother concerning my trouble.

"She is a very strange girl, but I ways found her frank except when I asked her if she loved you, and she replied that the hawks had carried off three of the dominicker hen's chick-

One day, in passing the big gate, I wrote on the post the following: "Will you marry me?" Two days afterwards I visited the place and found the word "yes."

Without further communication, except to appoint the time by "Post," we were married. I did not find her disposition to be peculiar, only in the intensity of her love for me. "Why did you treat me so?" I one day asked her. "The dominicker has a great deal of rouble with her chickens," she replied. Shortly afterwards, when she thought that I was not looking, she threw back

Buggy-Riding Made Easy.

A Williamsport g hius claims to have invented a buggy that, like the boy's whistle, goes itself—that is, it doesn't require a horse to make it go. It is furnished with two upright levers n front of the seat, by means of which the rider can propel it with great ease six or seven miles an hour. If he has a feminine partner, he can use one lever and she the other. If the weather and scenery are delightful, the riders can be as deliberate as they please. They can stop to rest, if they want to, under a big shade tree without being com-pelled to pull at the bit of an impatient horse, or make thenselves hoarse shouting "whoa" to him. The new buggy won't scare or run away, wrecking itself and ruining the feathers and finery of its fair occupant. And there is no horse with eyes to see and give away any trifling improprieties that may be indulged in. As to cheapness, the new buggy doesn't cat, doesn't have to be rubbed down four times a day. doesn't want a new set of blankets once a year. In short, the cost of the buggy, which is about that of a modern

bicycle, is all the outlay required. It is evident from this description that the Williamsport invention fills a long-felt want. When the new buggy has become popularized everybody will ride, of course, and livery-stablekeepers with their vexatious bills, will go out of fashion. Romeo and Juliet, as they take their daily drive in the park, each working a lever of the new vehicle, will be taking practical lesto live contains many books. If you sons in the art of working in matrimowant them you may go there and get nial harness. If any would-be Juliet should prove too lazy to work her lever, Romeo would understand at once that he had better be looking for a new Juliet with a more industrious turn of mind. The ordinary riders will ride for pleasure and go as slow or as fast as their muscles and surplus energy dictate, instead of feeling compelled, as now, to drive like Jehu in order to get their money's worth out of a hired

The only drawback to this delightful picture of a possible era in which everybody can take buggy-rides to his heart's content, is the fact that the inshe flashed upon me in a gay red dress heart's content, is the fact that the in-She was more of a child than I had ventor has only perfected one of these ever seen -more so than I had thought self-acting buggies and charges an adsee it .- Philadelphia Times.

Tripped Up by a Yahoo.

The other day, after having made a careful examination of our edition of Worcester (dated 1882, the latest issue) and our copy of Webster's Una-bridged (dated 1881), a book in which we had all confidence, and which heretofore has never failed us, we published to the world the fact that the word popularly pronounced "dy-namite" should be, according to the best usage, pronounced "din-amite." Both the above works, as well as the new Imperial dictionary, an English work, agreeing in the matter, we felt that we occupied strong ground in making the

announcement. But it seems that our backing was not as strong as we thought it was; and so we have been tripped up. And by whom? Not by any world-renownnot intellectually able—ahem—but er ed orthoepist, not by a Knowles, not by a Smart, not by a Richard Grant age it would be safe. Therefore I White, not even by a Prof. Burtt; but would advise you to take her from by a yokel, a bumpkin, a yahoe from school. I know the effect that too between the furrows on the Washington county frontier, whom no one would dream of being picked up by in orthoepy; by Col. Chill Hazzard, editor of the Monongahela Republican, who. a constant hum of arithmetic. I don't referring to our pronunciation of the word, says, in a late issue, that the, Leader had "better go down street and blow in a dictionary. The proper pronunication of the word is dy-namite according to the latest vintage of Web-

ster on a bridge." Well, it is awfully galling to be corrected by our rustic contemporary, but nevertheless, we went down street and discovered that Editor Hazzard was right. "Webster's Unabridged" (dated 1884), without giving any reason for the sudden flop, now gives the pro-nunciation of the word with the long sound of the "y," while Worcester and the Imperial still hold to the old style. -Pittsburg Leader.

The Gay Mr. William Weeks.

As a gay deceiver, William Weeks, Long Island farmer, takes the cake. Some time ago William went to Freeport and married a young widow who owned a good farm. Everything passed merrily for a time, when he stepped over to Norwood and married another widow, also scooping in another good farm. He lived with number two awhile and then returned to number one, explaining his absence by saying that he had been engaged in a lucky speculation. The next day he went back to number two and told her the same story. In a short time the senior wife began to watch him, and soon found him in his Norwood home. William was equal to the emergency. He ran away, stopped in Brooklyn, mar-ried another widow, and escaped to Canada. It is plain that this fascinating gallant is monopolizing the widows, and unless something is done to check his career, he will gobble up all the well-to-do women of the bereaved variety to be found in the circle of his travels .- Atlanta Constitution.

A Terrible Weapon of Defense. If a pompous wiseacre tries to sit down on you, ask him rapidly a few questions like the following: What, if any, is the difference beween kaiak and a caique? What, if any, is the difference between Jacobins and Jacobites?

What, if any, is the difference of Dionysius? How do you accent vagary, ccterie, and survey? How do you pronounce pronouncia-

to "bum your chuck?" the I These questions will make it pleas- year. ant for him .- John Swinton's Paper.

While there are in China hundreds of to a tee, and it ought to," he remarked thousands of professional native beg gars, it is pointed out as a singular but significant fact that not in California Why, if I had married five, I'd been when the professional native beg to a bystander. "I could have got five years, but I got one off for every wife. Why, if I had married five, I'd been when the professional native beg to a bystander. "I could have got five years, but I got one off for every wife. Why, if I had married five, I'd been gether and to the shore by an electric caple, and he she to send messages to

OLD NEWSPAPERS.

The Various-Uses to Which They May be

Old newspapers are of more use than would appear at a first glance. We subscribe to the daily newspapers because we must be informed on all the affairs of the day. Then many think the next thing is to relegate them to the kitchen in order to provide kindling for the household fires, and it must her head and laughed. - Arkansaw be confessed that Bridget makes very

free use of them in that way.

But they serve so many excellent purposes besides that it seems a pity to let Bridget have full sway, though she may try to convince you that it is impossible to get the breakfast without even using those of the very latest date.

It has been several times suggested

by economists that newspapers can be made to take the place of blankets in guarding from cold, and it is a fact well worthy of notice that they have been proved very satisfactory in making light, convenient, and warm bed coverings when others can not be had. Travelers would do well to bear this in mind when far from the region of hotels, and not throw their paper out of the car window, or leave it on their seat in changing cars, for there is no telling how useful it may prove in some emergency to ward off cold. As a pre-ventive of that fatal disease, pneumonia, a folded newspaper laid beneath the outer clothing across the chest is said to be infallible. This has been confirmed to the writer

the testimony of an individual whose avocations kept him constantly exposed to all weathers, night and day. He was a resident of a country village, a perfect type of a hearty, strong, vigorous man, and he accounted for his robust health, notwithstanding his exposures, by saying that, although inheriting consumptive tendencies, he had been able to resist-them through the simple precaution of always wearing a newspaper folded over his chest under his coat.

As a preventive of cold feet, a piece of newspaper folded in the sole is quite equal to, if not so elegant or so expensive as cork or lamb-skin soles, being light, soft, and easily renewed. If you wish to test the power of a newspaper in excluding cold, try tacking one, doubly folded, between your window and yor seand of plants, and see how nicely they will be protected, and how frosty the window will consequently be. Newspapers will in the autumn, be-

fore severe black frosts come on, effectually protect greenhouse plants, before you take them up, from cold and wind. The writer remembers once driving up about dusk to a country place and being startled at seeing what looked like a platoon of ghosts drawn up in white array before the house, which turned out to be, on closer inspection, rows of tender plants all tied up in newspapers to protect them from the sudden frosts incident to the season. that in one night might cut them all down. We have known tomato plants protected in the same way, and made to ripen in the open garden much longer by this inexpensive, easy pre-

caution within everyone's reach. Old newspapers are admirable as floor coverings under carpets, or even spread under Kensington squares, retaining all the dust, which neither remains in the carpet nor sifts through to the floor; they can be so easily removed that it is a great saving to use them in this way, especially as, the dust well shaken out, the papers are equally serviceable for kindling purposes afterward, so can do double duty besides the legitimate one of heralding

the news of the day.

Weather strips are now almost universal, as well as double windows, for securing warm rooms; but where, as it is the case in some old-fashioned country houses, they are not procurable. newspapers can supply the deficiency very well by being cut in long strips, neatly folded over, and stuffed in the interstices, and so most effectually exclude the cold outer air.

Old newspapers are excellent to clean windows with. Slightly damped. then rubbed till clear, they serve the purpose much better than even linen cloth, for there is no lint to rub off. Newspapers wrapped around the feet under the stockings are an effectual protection against mosquitoes as, with all their virulence, they can not bite

through paper. Old newspapers are faithful mirrors of the past. As they increase in age the very advertisements become curious. Therefore, those who have no use for the modern newspapers in all the various ways we have pointed out must find intellectual profit in storing them away till the time when some circumstance may drag them forth from their long-forgotten hiding-places to claim an interest in human eyes which perhaps they never had to such an ex-

Illustrated papers are very useful in adorning the walls of rooms, covering up unsightly wallpaper or obnoxious holes, the delight of children as well as their instructors, affording gleams of cheerfulness and pleasure in else gloomy apartments. They are of such infinite variety, too, with their lovely illustrations of poems, natural history, and comic sketches, as well as portraits of beauties and notabilities, that they continually educate the public taste and give the impecunious a glimpse of real art they can not else afford-Harpers' Bazar.

Cady Herrick tells a good one of a scamp who was arraigned at the last term of the Court of Oyer and Terminer upon the charge of bigamy. Having no defense, the fellow pleaded guilty, and in response to the query of the Court as to what he had to say in mitigation of his offense replied:

"I want a good, hberal, easy sentence. I pleaded guilty and saved the county the expense of a trial, and ought to be let down easy." "How many wives did you say he had married," the Judge inquired, turning to Herrick.
"Four," replied the gentleman.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the Judge, I should think he had been punished well enough already." "Yes, indeed," replied Herrick with tween the car of Dionysus and the ear an air of a man who knew whereof he spoke, and which carried conviction with it; "he has been pretty well punished."

"That being the case," responded the Judge, "we will deal leniently with What is the meaning of the phrase him. Prisoner, you are sentenced to

prison. - Albany Express.

The Gambler

The gamblers of New York have led precarious, and on the whole wretched, existence for two or three years past. Their places have been raided by both the public and private police, and whenever the attitude of the law is decided toward them they read the handwriting on the wall and take a holiday. Perhaps the least-satisfied countenances to be seen around our hotels and public resorts are the old gamblers, who long had complete immunity, and to this day preserve a little hold on the police and even the police justices. Cases are not infrequent of gam-

blers sitting on our minor benches or being clerks of the courts. Hence a certain latent sympathy in the prosecution of these men, and even on their being surprised. The best thing the gambler can do to satisfy himself is to get out of the business altogether. The occasional funds of money he raises by ais dangerous and outlawed trade hard y ever stay by him, and a good deal of goes to the police and the lawyers and other parasites who hold vice to be their natural banker and side patron. Our hotels are also often indifferent to the presence of the gambling community right among their guests, and it seems to me to be a poor thing to do with a guest who comes to town with money which he might otherwise spend n the proper office of hospitality to allow him to be taken in hand by some gambler's roper in and escorted to ome place in the neighborhood where he can be picked clean and has to draw his check, more or less uncertain, to pay his bill and get speedily out of

A sufficient number of gamblers will

devastate any territory on the globe. Long Island City, though it is the capital of a county and with the seat of justice, has been kept back notwithstanding long-witted men like Eliphalet Nott thought it had such admirable opportunities that a half century ago or more they made investments there for the benefit of Union college and other trusts. The gamblers found it a convenient spot to halt between the rows of tracks and the city, and in a little while the whole city government be-came the creature of gamblers. Defal-cations began, violence was not uncommon, and the tone of that suburb began to grow lower. There is hardly an old racing track on Long Island or in the general vicinity of New York which has not collapsed and left behind it a long pile of old board fences and some old hotel over which fate and phosts seem to hover. There are at least two such courses on Long Island. and in every old city their vestiges are to be seen; and the Elysian fields in Hoboken seem never to have recovered from the gamblers' visitation there half a century. In truth, there can be no occupation so unworthy of a righthinking man as to live by temptation and advantage, refusing work, being in perpetual watch for men of means or youths with legacies or prospects, and thus corrupting at the fountains of society lives meant to be fully lived out with credit and composure. A man who expects to play this kind of a game and be a permanently happy man is fortifying his wretched conscience with apparent examples in regular life which he will find on investigation he has

never understood. - New York Tribune.

As a physician, the colored gentleman has not taken high rank. Doctors who graduate with honors refuse to consult with him. They question his skill and spurn his roots and herbs. Sometimes, though, the effect of his medicines must be acknowledged. Several days ago, an old negro whose son had been taken violently ill, sent for Dr. Simeon, a man whose complexion is a perfect harvest of midnight, but who believes that there is in the woods a remedy for every disease. "How is he, doctor?" asked the father when the physician had examined the patient.

"Sick, sah." "Does yer think that he is danger-

"Eberybody is dangus, sah. Dangus when he ain' sick; dangus when he

medicine and went away. Early the next morning, the parent sought the physician and with an air of mingled grief and anger, exclaimed: "Yer ole scoun'rel an' hippercrit, yer've killed my boy!"

"Who hab?" "Yesse'f, yer ole rattlesnake. He died in about two hours arter yer gin him dat stuff."

"Ole man, I sees dat yer doan know nuthin' 'bout de heterogenousness o' dat boy's unsophisticated pluro-nervousness. Ef I hadenter gin him dat medicine yistidy, he woulder died las' summer.

The old man, after a few moments effection, said: "Doctor, I hopes dat yer'll 'scuse de ignunce o' er ole man whut ain' got er berry high edycation. Good mawnin', s.u. "-Arkansaw Trav-

The Horrible Kazoo. On last Monday a nice little boy pur-

chased one. His father is a highly respectable man, a church member, and il that, who resides in Woodside. On Wednesday he came here a perfect mental wreck. Talked awfully; said I had ruined everything, broken up his home, wrecked the family fireside circle, and carried on so that I thought I should have to send for the police ambulance. From a neighbor I learned that the boy had done it all. He went out into the yard first and practiced. In a few minutes the watch-dog, which the neighbor said had a voice of wonderful power and elasticity at night was dead. He split his throat in a vain endeavor to equal the notes of the kazoo. As the boy kept on practicing and struck new discords, the boards which composed the back fence began to warp, and finally curled up in agony while the heads of the ten-penny nails ached. The boy, after getting well up in running the scales, entered the house, and the minds of the family were wrecked. The man has sued for damages, and says if he is expelled from church it will be my fault.-New-

Orleans, went by the way of the river One of the most startling projects of the times is to illuminate the Atlantic Ocean by means of electric lights actually to make "a path of silver of Newfoundland to the shores of Irethe Penitentiary for the term of one land. Ten vessels are to be anchored at a distance of 200 miles from another "Thanks, your Honor. The sentence in a straight line, each riding at "a meets with my approval and suits me mushroom anchor, which permits the or any of the Pacific States can there acquitted; but I'll call the turn next cable, and be able to send messages to trip," and he went philosophically to

Smuggler's Devices.

"You will be surprised to hear of the curious assortment of dutiable articles that are intercepted in the steamship mails from foreign posteffices," said a prominent official of the custom house to a reporter for the New York Morn-

"The post is a favorite medium with persons in Great Britain, France, Germany, and other countries for shipping presents to friends in the United States. The senders do not think of the duties to be paid when they forward their packages, but under the customs laws and regulations presents of merchantable value are classed as dutable, like goods imported in the regular way. Tradesmen in London, Paris, Berlin, and other European capitals use the mails pretty freely to send samples and goods of small bulk to American cus-

"Ladies find an easy, cheap, and safe way of putting into letters and newspapers articles of fashion, knickknacks and mementoes from the old world. The mails are also used for intentional smuggling, but it is some times difficult to distinguish between smuggling and legitimate importations. Diamonds, watches, the precious stones and jewelry of all kinds are intercepted by Mr. J. M. Wilson, of the postoffice bureau. Not long ago a package which was directed to a Maiden lane diamond-dealer was found to contain several thousand dollars' worth of uncut diamonds. He paid \$800 duty on them. Hundreds of packages containing cat's-eyes, rubies, cameos, intaglios, emeralds, and sapphires suffi-cient to stock a good sized jewelry store are constantly received. "Laces, kid gloves, silk stockings, alk handkerchiefs, and other light ar-

ticles are enclosed in newspapers and pamphlets. They are inclosed so that t is hard to detect them. A pair of silver sardine tougs going to California was recently found hidden in a package of pamphlets. In an English newspaper were discovered ladies' silk stockings, one black and one red. According to the revenue law these might be taken as samples and entered free. A trick was suspected and the articles were detained. The next steamer's mail contained a newspaper addressed to the same person. In it were folded one red and one black silk stocking to match the others. The lady to whom they were addressed lived on Murray Hill. She was sent for and paid the The genial official also told the Jour-

nal reporter that old bibles and books were used to send watches and other jewelry, the leaves being cut out and spaces hollowed out to hold the smug-gled articles. One book arranged in this way disclosed, on being opened, three gold bracelets, two watch chains, two lockets, a set of sleeve-buttons, five gold pins, and two necklaces. This collection was on its way to a lady in Cincinnati. It was appraised at \$334. One mail will bring the first part of a book and the next mail the rest of it, but this trick for getting books in free is rarely successfui, and many authors, alergymen, and other professional men have come to grief in their efforts to sccure valued volumes at a slight cost. About the holidays the mails are heavily burdened with dutiable goods. The advantages of putting goods through the postoffice over the regular way of importing is that no brokerage,

required. Jokes That Are Bad.

warehouse, cartage, or entry fees are

day and said he had a million dollars which he desired to place on deposit; that the money was coming to him from Kentucky, where he had it invested, but as the parties who had the money had no further use for it and declined to pay interest he wished to place it on deposit, as he only wan ed to use one hundred thousand for himself at present. The man talked in a business-like way, but it only took a moment for Major Harrington, the cashier of the bank, to discover that the man was unbalanced. He told him that they were not prepared to receive and become responsible for so large a sum of money. "Well, what can I do with it?" asked the man. The "Well, what cashier told him to scatter it through the country; that there was a great demand for money, and it could readily be loaned. After a moment's reflection the man concluded he would do that. On inquiry it has developed that the man was a farmer in Crescent Township who had invested extensively in lottery tickets, and the boys, learning of this fact, took advantage of his weakness, and wrote him letters informing him of his good luck in drawing a fortune, inclosing bogus checks and drafts, which he exhibited at the bank. This seems to have completely unsettled his mind, and he now imagines himself a

millionaire. The boys, who thought only to play a joke, have indeed made a serious business of it, and the friends of the unfortunate victim attribute to them the cause of his aberration .-Watseka (Ill.) Times.

A Dog With a Memory.

A letter carrier got a summons in the Jefferson Market Police Court the other day for the owner of a greyhound. The carrier said the dog always attacked him on his rounds through Bleecker street.

· Soon after the postman went away the owner of the anima! appeared in court with the dog. The brute, he said, was worth \$100. According to its master the greyhound was kicked by a postman while a puppy in Buffalo, and although years have elapsed since then, the dog cannot now see a grey uniform without evincing a strong de sire to attack the wearer.

While in court another postman came in to deliver the Justice's mail, and the dog was with difficulty restrained from jumping on him, but when Officer Murray ped to the carrier's side the dog became quiet. This, the owner said, showed the dog's respect for a blue coat, which it had been trained to respect as representing law and order. A Boston lady, who is now in New

party of four young girls and a matron, all strangers. One of the young girls gazed earnestly at the Boston lady and then said: "Please excuse me, madam, Neither they nor I have ever seen an India shawl before." The lady kindly agreed and the girls were made happy. -New Orleans Picayune.

Mexican chamber "maids" are, it is said, invariably Indian boys.

The big society people are not all the big millionaires. In fact, the princes of finance do not enter society at all, and their representation in the rich families keep in the background in fact, if indeed they do not gradually gravitate into retirement.

The only one of the Vanderbilts who cuts any brilliant social figure is Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt. She is gay and

njoys the world. "She incurred the displeasure of old man Billy," said a prominent New York society man to a reporter, "for being much older than Fred when she married him. But she controls and guides her young husband and keeps im out of the scrapes the other boys have got into."

"Then there is a division in the fam-The old man doesn't like her and she doesn't like the old man, and neither is

backward in showing it.' "She takes charge of her husband, vou say?" "Yes, and manages all his money for him. The result is, he is the only. one of the Vanderbilts - who hasn't been played for a sucker in Wall

"She must be a smart woman?" "She is-you bet on it."

"Then why does the old man dislike "Because she's smarter than he is himself. He remembers that the Com- bring it back. He's a very particular modore's wife was much older than he, and that she led him to fortune. Billy objects to the fate that keeps the Vanderbilts in leading-strings and led around by the nose by women, however handsome or accomplished, or

"But most of the millionaires trace their success back to the wives of the founders of their houses, don't they?" "No, they don't if they can help it, but it's true all the same. The Commodore's wife showed him how to make money and save it, sixpence at a time, before he had a bank account: old John Jacob Astor was simply the agent of his wife, who had the business tact of the firm. The millionaires were made rich by their wives, and in every instance they were older than their husbands. "Then what is the matter with King

"He is sore because Fred has struck the family tradition, and according to the rules, is going to build up a fortune as big as the original without his

"He regards Mrs. Fred, then, as "You've grasped the subject. The

old man is jealous."-New York Let-

Flashing Fire from his Scarf-Pin. A lively young man with a red. mustache entered a Nassau-street eatinghouse yesterday and took a seat. He wore a black neck-scarf, into which was thrust an cdd looking pin. A pretty waiter-girl came up, and while brushing away the crumbs from behind the guest asked for his order. "You may bring me some Boston

baked____ The young woman did not hear the conclusion of the sentence, for a brilliant light flashed from the odd scarfpin and frightened her so much that she nearly fainted. The young man

glanced up with a look of mild sur-prise, and said: "Are you faint?"

The waitress hurried off to the kitchen. The head of the house, a man whose scanty gray hair and full beard are well known to those who attend the up-town temperance meetings Sunday afternoons, then next ap-proached. He put the pepper bottle back in the caster, picked up a doughnut from the floor, and was about to make an observation upon the superiority of his squash pies, when fire again flashed from the young man's

"What-wha-what is the matter with your neck-tie?" he stuttered, looking at the young man in a startled manner. "It was on fire just now." "O, I guess that's all right," mur-

mured the latter, with a smile. "Any trouble with it now?" "No, I can't see that there is, but-The fire again became luminous and shone with a brilliancy never equaled y any diamond.

"It's an electric-light on a small scale," said the young man. "I have a little battery in my pocket. By pressing a button a current of electricity is conducted to the pin, which contains a small piece of carbonized bamboo, and the light is produced. Big thing, isn't it?"-New York Tribune.

The Yukon river in Alaska is so ong, says Lieutenant Schwatka, that if ts source were at Salt Lake its waters might empty into New York Bay, and its mouth is so wide that New York would be on one side and Philadelphia on the other. Alaska has a coast line greater than that of all the rest of the United States, adding together the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific seaboards. Alaska contains an area of 500,000

square miles-one-sixth the size of the whole of Europe. It extends to Behring Straits, or about thirty-five miles from Asia. It has 500,000 square miles of forest and can supply the world with lumber for the next ten centuries. Her seal, salmon and codfish crops excel those of any other portion of the world. It has a full supply of gold, copper and iron mines.

The south side of Alaska has a cli-mate as mild as Kentucky, while the north side has a climate as cold and rugged as that found in the Arctic Ocean, 25 to 50 below zero for three long months. Alaska carries the model epublic so far west that California has ecome the center of that republic. In twenty-five years from date Alaska will be one of the most active, prosperous, go-ahead Territories in the country.

A Subterranean Drug Store.

Among the latest curiosities in the way of wells is one near Syracuse, N. A scum gathers on the surface of the water which looks, tastes and acts like to the Exposition. On the boat was a castor oil. Doctors may sigh for this water, but children will not cry for it. No explanation is given for the phenomenon by the Syracuse Standard, the paper from which we glean the have on?" "It is an India shawl." men engaged in digging the well must "And what did it cost?" "About \$2,- have struck a subterranean drug store. men engaged in digging the well must 000." "Madam, will you be so kind as It was their misfortune that they tapto let me show it to my companion? ped the castor oil tank instead of a barrel of that delicious liquid which they life insurance as to the use or abuse of sell over in Iowa for medicinal and mechanical purposes only .- Peoria Tran-

script. been erected in Breslau.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A "chin-holder" has been invented. Unfortunately, it is not intended for Congressmen. It is designed for violin

"Your little daughter is the best child I ever knew," said one lady to another, adding almost immediately, "for an only child."—Harper's Bazar. Did you ever notice the cold thrill of horror that runs through a social party when a would-be funny man gets up to cripple a comic song?—Fall River Ad-

A little 4-year-old while coming down stairs was cautioned by his fond mamma not to lose his 'balance. "And where would my balance go to," he queried. "if I lost it?"

Poverty has its cares, my son, but then wealth has its scares too, more than poverty, ten to one. Look at the panies on the money market every week! Did you ever hear of a financial panie in an alms-house? - Brooklyn Landlady-"Do you find your steak

tender, Mr. Dumby? If not I will-" Dumby (who was wakened at 5 o'clock that morning by the cook pounding)— "Er-it might be well to let the cook hit it a few more times, I think."-New York Sun. "So Mr. Blank was here to-day?" Servant—"Yes, sir." "And you told him what I said, I suppose?" "Yes,

sir." "Did he take umbrage?" didn't notice, sir; but if he did he'll gentleman, you know." This uncomplimentary but characteristic epitaph by Burns has just been found in Dumfries: Beneath these sods lies drunken Rhodes, what ne'er was

kenned to drink cauld water, like clack mill the whisky gill inspired his tongue wi' endless clatter. A very fearful accident occurred to a centleman while leaving the train at Denison. His pocket was picked of \$17.50. The sickening feature of the accident is to be found in the fact that the money was intended for the pur-

chase of a bonnet for his wife. A collar and a necktie-fastener has been invented by a California man. That's well enough; but, if he will go to work and invent a device which will prevent his back collar-button from wandering off when it is most wanted he will do mankind a service.-All

Those people comprising the inner circle of what terms itself society, have issued an edict, so 'tis said, against beards and mustaches. They consider such appendages to a man's face vulgar and commonplace. It is too much like the soldier and the brigand, they think. -Middletown Press.

"Do you want to see me turn a flapjack?" asked a Passaic young lady of into the other room." And then he grabbed his hat and was half way home before he realized that she wanted him to go into the kitchen and witness an exhibition of her domestic ability .- New York Dispatch.

First Dude-"Aw, Chawley, my dear boy, what a wattlin' pace you are goin' this mornin'." Second Dude—"Aw, yes, Fitznoodle, my dear fellow. Don't detwain me. I'm hard at work. This is the busiest season of the year to me." By Jove. Chawley, what are you doin'?" "I'm dodgin' my creditors."-Philadelphia Call.

"I saw your advertisement for a young man of good address," remarked one of the applicants for a vacant position, "and I thought I would call in and reply. My address is Boston, Mass., and if that isn't as good as the best I should like to know where you will find a better one."-Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.

A pookmaker witnesses in the street the accidental death of an acquaintance. He sets off to break the news to the widow. He is charged not to tell her too abruptly. At the house he asks for "Mme. Widow X." "I am Mme. X," says the lady, "but I am not a widow." "Would you like to bet on it?" responds the bookmaker .- Wafted

trom France. It was just after the tiff. "I wonder," snarled Romeo, "if we shall know each other in heaven." "I'll remember you, of course," replied Juliet, with tender emphasis, "but of course I couldn't know you without meeting you." And a period of silence as long as a centennial poem crept in the room. Romeo kept thinking about one thing and another and one thing and another and

one thing and another. - Burdette. Dr. Carver finished his task of hitting 60,000 balls in six days. The achievement has had no perceptible effect upon business as yet. The doctor used a rifle in hitting the balls. If he had corraled the balls into a pile and used a baseball club or a brick he might have hit them all in one day and had five days to spare to devote to digging cellar or sawing wood or something that way. But we don't suppose he ever thought of that. - Norristown Her-

William C. Hudson tells a story about Mr. Tilden: "One day he said to his physician, 'Doctor, I can't stand that medicine you are giving me; it hurts my stomach. O, but Mr. Tilden, the medicine is doing a great deal of good.'
I presume so, but I shall not take it hereafter.' 'I'm sorry to hear you say that; but if you are determined on this course I would warn you earnestly that you must stop using it gradually." You doctors don't know anything. quit using that medicine three weeks

Youthful Inquirer.-A statesman is one who states; and the Speaker is a man who sits in a high chair in front of the statesman, and decides who shall state and who shall not state. The Speaker is provided with a mallet and a oose board; and, when a statesman states too long or states anything derogatory to the party to which the Speaker belongs, it is the duty of the latter to pound vigorously with the mallet on the board. The Speaker dislikes to hurt the statesman's feeling, but he has to do his duty .- Columbu Disnatch.

"The chloral habit," says the Baltimore Underwriter, "is steadily on the increase not only among sufferers from constant insomnia, but among persons subject to milder forms of nervous irritation, to the strain and excitement of speculative ventures, or to the wear and tear of late hours and fashionable dissipation. This nepenthe is more seductive to people of refinement than the juice of the poppy; and habitual surrender to its domination is alcoholic drinks, tobacco and opium may well be added scrutiny as to hydrate of chloral, for many persons who never use the former would have A paper chimney fifty feet high has to plead guilty to more or less frequent recourse to the latter."